Revolutionary Verse

In Celebration of America 250

Featuring "A Toast to the Father of Our Nation" and verses of contemplation and humor of American Patriots

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Sons of the American Revolution

Tennessee Society

By; Rick Laws

Printed in the United States of America
MMXXVI

Revolutionary Verse

In Celebration of America 250

Revised Edition

From the

Tennessee Society

Sons of the American Revolution

Featuring "A Toast to the Father of Our Nation" and verses of contemplation, ramblings and humor of early American experience.

By; Rick Laws

Printed in the United States of America

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Introduction

This "chapbook" derives its name from the itinerant peddlers known as "chapmen," who originally sold these small, inexpensive books. These chapmen traveled through towns and rural areas, offering a variety of items, including these portable books. The term "chapman" comes from the Old English word "ceap," meaning "trade" or "business." Thus, "chapbook" refers to the books sold by these traders.

Chapbooks were often small, affordable, and easy to carry, making them ideal for peddlers. They contained a diverse range of materials, including poems, stories, religious texts, and political pamphlets. These chapbooks played a crucial role in making literature and other printed materials accessible to a broader audience, especially those in rural areas.

This particular chapbook features a selection of poems that I have included in other published works, some of my books, or in my newsletters. The theme mostly revolves around historical themes such as the American Revolutionary period, with some poems offering humor and others elevating the topic to a more thoughtful level.

The original chapbook "Revolutionary Verse" (8 poems) was intended to become a fund raiser but didn't get very much traction. This Revised Edition is expanded to over 30, to preclude creation of an entirely new book for additional material.

Tennessee Society

Sons of the American Revolution

By; Rick Laws

A TOAST

It's important to honor the legacy of the man who played a pivotal role in shaping our nation's history.

Let's take a moment to reflect on Washington's enduring legacy and the principles he stood for — unity, perseverance, and service to the nation.

Toast to the Father of Our Nation

With raised glass on the anniversary of his birth February 22, 1732

Like winter oak that stands through fierce storms' might,
You bore the weight of nascent nation's dreams.
Though power's siren called through darkest night,
You chose instead to ford democracy's streams.

No crown adorned your brow, though it was yours,
Instead you planted seeds of freedom's tree.
Your legacy, like sunrise, still endures
In every heart that yearns to be made free.

So let us lift our glasses to your name,
First citizen, who shaped a nation's course.
Not perfect, yes, but history proclaims
Your steadfast vision as our guiding force.

Though centuries have passed since you drew breath,
Your virtues triumph over time and death.

Soldiers Shaving

Poem inspired by the General Washington addresses about beard and cleanliness in the ranks of the Continental Army at Valley Forge, April 1778:

"Slovenliness and unsoldierly neglect in other respects ought rather to excite each man to compensate those blemishes by redoubled attention to the means which he has in his power; For instance, the soldier may always shave his beard, appear with clean hands and face & in general have an air of neatness which will be conspicuous under all disadvantages."

https://founders.archives.gov/documents/Washington/03-14-02-0402

Soldiers Shaving

On the Twelfth Day, Shaving Must Be Clear
Clean-shaven soldiers, neatness held as pride,
No whisker dared to tarnish ranks' esteem,
In Washington's command, no beards abide.

The frontier harsh, yet razors still applied,
Through diaries and orders, clear the theme,
Clean-shaven soldiers, neatness held as pride.

No stubble left for fashion to provide,
A shadowed cheek disrupts the proper scheme,
In Washington's command, no beards abide.

Through discipline, such blemishes denied,
A soldier's honor bound to shave supreme,
Clean-shaven soldiers, neatness held as pride.

With razor's stroke, their dignity implied,
Their duty sharp, their ranks a polished dream,
In Washington's command, no beards abide.

To stray from this, their punishment supplied,
For slovenly neglect, provisions deem,
Clean-shaven soldiers, neatness held as pride,
In Washington's command, no beards abide.

The Art of the Powdered Wig

The American Revolution period provides such rich material for exploring the tension between European military traditions and the practical realities of warfare in North America.

The contrast between elaborate military dress codes and battlefield conditions was particularly stark during this conflict, as British officers had to adapt their traditional practices to the American wilderness and changing warfare tactics.

The Art of the Powdered Wig

Oh, hail the powdered wig, so fine and grand,
A crown of curls crafted by steady hand.
A soldier's pride, a warrior's flair,
Even in mud, you must show your care!'

With powder puffed and ribbons tied tight,
March into battle, a dazzling sight.
Redcoats may fear your musket's crack,
But it's your coiffure that makes them turn back.

The bayonet glints, the cannonballs roar,
Yet your wig's the masterpiece they adore.
"No dirt on this curl!" you sternly decree,
"Let's fight like gentlemen, fancy and free!"

But alas, the rain mocks your powdered grace,
Transforming your wig to a soggy disgrace.
No "Macaroni" now, just a man of despair,
As the mud claims your elegance, strand by strand, hair by hair.

Still, onward you march with a nod and a grin,
Determined your fashion will still win the din.
For to be "A Real Character" at this grand parade,
Is to fight with finesse, your style displayed.

So let others wear rags, unkempt and plain,
You'll conquer with curls, through wind, snow, and rain.
For a wig is not just an accessory, dear friend,
It's a statement of power—style to the end!

Valley Forge 1777-1778

In the bitter winter of 1777, General George Washington led his weary Continental Army to set camp at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. After months of hard campaigning and retreat, the soldiers arrived cold, hungry, and ill-equipped. Their clothes hung in tatters, and many marched with feet wrapped in rags, leaving bloody footprints in the snow.

Valley Forge was no battlefield, but the struggle for survival was relentless. Disease, exposure, and starvation claimed more men than musket fire ever had. The camp became a test of endurance and patriotism. Without proper shelter, the soldiers labored to build crude log huts, each packed with smoke and the scent of damp earth, offering little comfort from the freezing winds.

And yet, amid the suffering, the spirit of revolution endured. Washington's leadership held the army together. That winter, a Prussian officer, Baron von Steuben, arrived to instill new discipline. Under his sharp eye, ragged farmers were forged into a trained fighting force. Bayonet drills replaced despair, and a new sense of unity took hold.

By spring, the Continental Army marched out of Valley Forge stronger, leaner, and better prepared. The bitter season had not broken them — it had transformed them into a force capable of challenging the world's strongest empire.

A Revolutionary Christmas Sonnet

Upon the frozen fields where freedom calls,
Beneath the winter's cloak of frost and snow,
Brave soldiers stand as twilight gently falls,
Their steadfast hearts alight with sacred glow.

No garlands deck their tents, no festive cheer,
Save for the whispers carried on the breeze.
Yet in their hearts, warm hopes for loved ones near,
Transform the biting cold to memories.

They dream of hearths aglow and children's mirth,
Of candlelight that dances soft and bright,
While pledging liberty its rightful birth,
Through endless marches and the perilous fight.

O Christmas star, shine on their noble way,
And grant them peace to greet a brighter day.

The Straight-Laced Soldier's Lament

The shoes of the period where shoes are formed on "Straight Last" meaning there will be no left or right when new. They are designed to be worn with genuine shoe buckles, not the tie-on imitations. There were both straight last and left/right or “crooked” colonial shoes. The straight last is more correct for the ordinary persona of the Colonial period, but the crooked last is more comfortable. After being worn a few times, a straight lasted shoe soon molds itself to your foot. A myth was to never swap shoes and is but a faint foundation in history.

This humorous poem is about a continental line soldier and his straight last shoes during the American Revolutionary War:

The Straight-Laced Soldier's Lament

A continental soldier, brave and bold,
Had shoes that were neither left nor right, I'm told.
Straight lasted, they were, for both his feet,
A revolutionary fashion, oh so neat!

He marched all day in his ambidextrous boots,
With genuine buckles, not imitation substitutes.
"Don't swap your shoes!" the sergeant would yell,
A myth that made our soldier's toes rebel.

His right foot cried, "I want to be left!"
His left foot sighed, "Of comfort, I'm bereft!"
But soon enough, they molded to his soles,
Though marching still took its tolls.

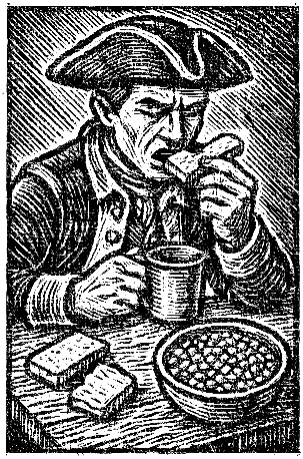
He dreamed of crooked shoes, so comfy and fine,
But straight lasts were all the continental line.
In battles fierce, he'd fight with might,
While his feet couldn't tell their left from right!

So next time you see a colonial feat,
Remember the shoes that confused their feet.
For in revolution, they took a stand,
With footwear as straight as the new-born land!

Hardtack And Corn

During the American Revolutionary War, the life of a soldier was as much a battle against hunger as it was against the British. Among the most common — and least celebrated — staples of their diet were hardtack and corn.

Hardtack, a simple mixture of flour and water baked into dense, rock-hard biscuits, was designed more for durability than taste. Soldiers often joked that it could break teeth, and many soaked it in broth, coffee, or even rainwater to soften its iron-like texture. In the worst cases, hardtack came with weevils, adding unexpected protein to the meal.



Corn, on the other hand, was served boiled, ground, or sometimes as a porridge known as "hulled corn" or "hominy." Though bland and monotonous, corn was filling and a reliable source of energy, especially during long marches or the harsh winters, like the one endured at Valley Forge.

Despite the poor quality and limited variety of these rations, American soldiers endured — driven by their commitment to the cause of liberty. Hardtack and corn became symbols of both hardship and the iron resolve of those who fought for independence.

Hardtack and Corn or The Soldier's Culinary Woes

There once was a soldier so brave,
Who fought for our freedom to save.
But his rations, oh dear, Left much to be feared,
A diet that no one would crave.

Hardtack, that brick-like affair,
Could shatter his teeth without care.
He'd soak it in broth, Or gnaw like a sloth,
Praying his gums wouldn't bare.

And then came the corn, oh so bland,
Boiled to a pulp, quite unmanned.
He'd slurp it down fast, For flavor didn't last,
In this military planned.

Yet through hunger and hardship galore,
Our soldier stood firm to the core.
With hardtack and corn, His battles were borne,
A hero like none before.

So raise a glass to those valiant men,
Who saved our young nation back then.
Though their food was a plight, They stood strong for the fight,
True patriots, again and again.

The Ramrod's Flight

The poem is based on historical accounts of Continental soldiers during the American Revolutionary War. The incident described—firing a ramrod—was actually a common enough occurrence in the heat of battle that it was documented in several military accounts from the period.

Joseph Plumb Martin, *A Narrative of Some of the Adventures, Dangers and Sufferings of a Revolutionary Soldier* (written c. 1780s, published 1830)

Martin, a Continental Army private, repeatedly describes the confusion, haste, and mechanical errors that occurred during intense musket engagements. While he does not dwell on a single dramatic ramrod incident, historians routinely cite his memoir as evidence that loading errors—including firing without removing the ramrod or double-loading—were common enough to be remarked upon by soldiers themselves during combat. His descriptions of rapid fire under stress align directly with documented accidents involving ramrods and other loading mistakes.

This memoir is widely accepted as a reliable firsthand account of enlisted-man experience in the Continental Army and is frequently used by military historians to explain battlefield mishaps inherent to flintlock musket drill under fire.

The Ramrod's Flight

Amidst the clash of musket fire,
The battle's roar, a soldier's ire,
A misstep made in haste's embrace,
A ramrod flew instead of lead's embrace.

With fumbling hands and heart's pounding beat,
He loaded wrong in war's heated feat,
The ramrod slipped, a hapless plight,
Sailing forth instead of bullet's might.

A comrade's laugh rang out in jest,
As the slim rod cut through the smoky crest,
A harmless arc, a futile throw,
Aimed true, yet void of battle's woe.

The soldier flushed, his pride now torn,
Amidst the fray, a lesson borne,
To load with care, aim true and straight,
Lest ramrods fly instead of lead's hot weight.

In annals writ, this tale shall live,
Of ramrods launched, a tale to give,
A glimpse into the human side,
Of those who fought, who bled, who tried.

The Hallowed Meadow

The poem you are about to read is inspired by the many battles fought by the Continental Army during the American Revolutionary War. It captures the essence of the struggle, bravery, and resilience of the soldiers who fought for independence in various significant locations. From the early skirmishes in Lexington and Concord to the pivotal battles at Saratoga and Yorktown, this poem reflects the spirit of a nation in the making. Through vivid imagery and poignant verses, it brings to life the hardships and triumphs of those who dared to dream of freedom.

"The Hallowed Meadow" is a poetic exploration of a serene and sacred space nestled within nature's embrace. The poem paints a vivid picture of a meadow cradled by ancient trees, where wildflowers, butterflies, and bees thrive in harmony. Sunlight filters through the green canopy, creating a tranquil scene that invites quiet moments and thoughtful reflections.

The meadow, kissed by rain and bathed in the soft light of dawn, becomes a symphony of silence, punctuated only by nature's gentle tune. It is a place of solitude and resilience, where the beauty of the natural world unfolds in vibrant hues. The poem contrasts this peaceful haven with the dark, stoic forest that surrounds it, highlighting the meadow as a sanctuary of comfort and grace.

However, the meadow is not just a place of beauty; it holds the memory of battles and conflicts that have scarred the earth. Despite the harshness of war, life persists in the meadow, symbolizing resilience and rebirth. The poem captures the dichotomy of the meadow, where the promise of peace coexists with the remnants of war.

Ultimately, "The Hallowed Meadow" is a testament to the enduring power of nature and the hope it offers. It is a sacred space that embodies both the history of conflict and the promise of tranquility, shining as a beacon of hope in the fading light.

The Hallowed Meadow

The hallowed meadow, cradled by ancient, gnarled trees,
A vibrant haven for wildflowers, humming butterflies, and bees.
Sunlight dapples down through a canopy of green,
A sacred space, set apart, a truly tranquil scene.
Here, quiet moments linger, where gentle breezes sigh,
And thoughts take sudden flight, reaching for the open sky.

It glistens, rain-kissed, in the soft light of dawn,
Each falling drop a whisper on grass freshly mown.
A symphony of silence, save for nature's quiet tune,
A divine creation, born beneath the sun and moon.
A precious patch of solitude, serene, resilient, and bold,
A timeless story waiting, patiently, to unfold.

Between the forest, stoic, dark, and wonderfully deep,
It lies, a silent sentinel, ancient secrets to keep.
The dividing line where wildness meets a softer grace,
A sanctuary offering comfort in this verdant place.
Here, verdant grass and wildflowers, in vibrant hues, unfurl,
Where phantom echoes whisper, from a long-forgotten world.

This hallowed ground, where the wind now softly grieves,
Has witnessed war's harsh hand, among the rustling leaves.
The tramp of marching boots, the clash of steel on steel,
A brutal tapestry of conflict, terribly real.
Yet, life persists, unbroken, rising from the scarred earth,
A testament to resilience, to endless rebirth.

For in this meadow, a stark dichotomy resides,
Where beauty blooms and history silently presides.
It holds the memory of battles, fierce and long-fought,
A silent host to all the ruthlessness war has wrought.
But it also holds the promise of peace, clear and bright,
A beacon of hope, shining forth in the fading light.
The hallowed meadow, an eternal, living dream,
A sacred space, a constant, flowing stream.

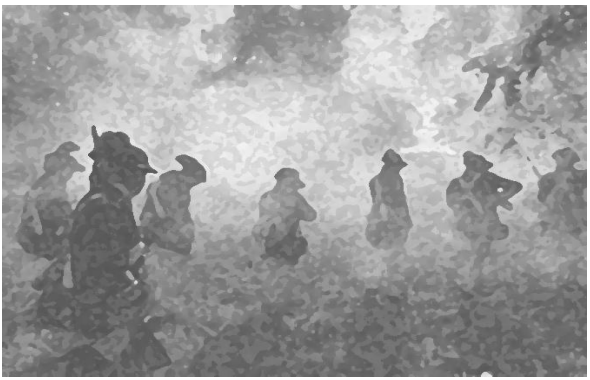
Gray Veil of Liberty

The humid air hung heavy over the battlefield as the British line advanced, their red coats stark against the knee-high grass. The sun glinted off their bayonets, casting sharp reflections as they marched in unison, the rhythmic beat of drums guiding their steps.

On the other side, the Patriots stood resolute. The militia formed the front line, with the Continental soldiers providing steadfast support from behind. The British troops halted, poised to unleash their deadly assault. Muskets were raised, and in a synchronized motion, they fired their thunderous volley.

The air was instantly filled with the gray cloud of smoke from the musket fire, quickly met by the Patriots' own barrage. Two veils of smoke merged in the chaotic dance of battle, the acrid scent of sulfur permeating the air and filling the minds of every soldier present.

Within this shroud of smoke and chaos, death claimed its toll. Souls departed their earthly vessels, ascending beyond the gray skies that bore witness to the grim spectacle below. The battlefield, now a somber testament to the ferocity of war, echoed with the memories of those who fought and fell.



Gray Veil of Liberty

Through humid air, the British line advances,
Red-coated soldiers wade through knee-high grass.
The sun on bayonets gleams as it glances,
While drums command their solemn steps to pass.

Patriots stand firm, militia at the fore,
Continental soldiers steady at their back.
The British halt as one, to wage their war,
Muskets raised in deadly, grim attack.

Then burst the gray cloud from their thunderous volley,
Answered swift by patriot fire in kind.
Two veils of smoke converge in battle's folly,
As sulfur's scent fills every soldier's mind.

Within this shroud, death claims its mortal prize,
While souls, released, ascend beyond gray skies.

The Kings Mountain Messenger

The poem "The Kings Mountain Messenger" is an n excerpt from my book "House of the Messenger – Recovery and Reconstruction of the Kings Mountain Messenger's Dogtrot House".

The Kings Mountain Messenger

In Tennessee's wild realm, a stalwart soul,
Joseph Greer, with courage as his goal,
From Kings Mountain's fierce fray, he swiftly came,
A herald of triumph, bearer of acclaim.

Through perils vast, unwavering, and bold,
He carried victory's tale, a story told,
From Congress' hall to battlefield's fierce roar,
Greer's legend blooms, forever to explore.

With sturdy frame and heart that blazed anew,
Through untamed wilds, avoiding dangers true,
From Indians' watch to Red Coats on the prowl,
And Tory militia, threats that did foul.

Musket and compass, guides on his quest,
He ventured forth, by honor's call impressed.
In Tennessee's embrace, his legacy thrives,
A hero's journey, through history's lives.

Greer's memory, beneath vast skies we store,
Kings Mountain's Messenger, forevermore.

The Overmountain Men and Kings Mountain

The poem "The Overmountain Men and Kings Mountain" is an excerpt from my book "House of the Messenger – Recovery and Reconstruction of the Kings Mountain Messenger's Dogtrot House".

Kings Mountain

In The Winning of the West, Theodore Roosevelt wrote of Kings Mountain, "This brilliant victory marked the turning point of the American Revolution." Thomas Jefferson called it "The turn of the tide of success". President Herbert Hoover at Kings Mountain said,

"This is a place of inspiring memories. Here less than a thousand men, inspired by the urge of freedom, defeated a superior force entrenched in this strategic position. This small band of Patriots turned back a dangerous invasion well designed to separate and dismember the United Colonies. It was a little army and a little battle, but it was of mighty portent. History has done scant justice to its significance, which rightly should place it beside Lexington, Bunker Hill, Trenton, and Yorktown."

In 1931, the Congress of the United States created the Kings Mountain National Military Park.

The Overmountain Men and Kings Mountain

In the heartland of Appalachia, where mountains loom high,
A tale of valor and freedom reaches for the sky.
Let me tell you now of the Overmountain Men,
And the battle of Kings Mountain, where legends began.

In the late days of autumn, seventeen eighty,
The winds whispered secrets; the land grew weighty.
Across the Carolina plains, a call to arms was heard,
A gathering of heroes, their spirits undisturbed.

From the valleys and hollers they emerged, brave and bold,
Frontiersmen, farmers, with stories yet untold.
These Overmountain Men, rugged and true,
Took up their muskets, for freedom they knew.

Through treacherous terrain, they marched with resolve,
Each step, a testament to the spirit they evolved.
Over creeks and through forests, they pressed ahead,
Their purpose resolute, as they were led.

Up Kings Mountain they climbed, like lions to their den,
In pursuit of liberty, against the Tory men.
With rifles steady, and fire in their eyes,
They faced their enemies, beneath the Carolina skies.

The battle ensued, a clash of iron and might,
A symphony of musket fire, in the dimming light.
Bravery and determination coursed through their veins,
As they fought for their freedom and broke their chains.

They closed in on their foes, in a final, desperate bout,
Each shot a prayer, each charge a resolute shout.
And in that fateful hour, victory was seized,
As the Overmountain Men fought, and their enemies appeased.

The Battle of Kings Mountain, a turning point it proved,
A blow to tyranny, a triumph that moved.
These Overmountain Men, with hearts strong and true,
Their courage and sacrifice forever imbued.

So let us remember, with reverence and pride,
The Overmountain Men, who stood side by side.
In the annals of history, their legacy shall remain,
As heroes of freedom, their valor will sustain.

The Rye-Revered Rye of Mount Vernon

In 1799, George Washington's distillery produced nearly 11,000 gallons, making it one of the largest whiskey distilleries in America. The original recipe for Washington's whiskey was discovered by researchers examining the Distillery ledgers from 1798 and 1799. His whiskey consisted of 60% rye, 35% corn, and 5% malted barley. Washington's interest in the distillery operation was further heightened by the acknowledgment that much of the waste (or slop) from the fermentation process could be fed to his growing number of hogs. Washington smartly created a hog pen near the distillery, which held upwards of 150 pigs. In fact, the size of the distilling operation was so large that farm reports indicated slop was being carted to the other farms at Mount Vernon as well.

This humorous poem is about George Washington's whiskey distillery at Mount Vernon:

The Rye-Revered Rye of Mount Vernon

Our founding father raised his glass
To whiskey born on his estate
From rye and corn and barley mass
A spirit bold to celebrate!

At Mount Vernon the stills were lit
By bonfire bright as cherry red
While Farmer George observed each bit
Of precious mash get spirit-fed

Sixty percent rye ryed the rye
(A patriot's pour if ere there was!)
With corn to add some oompha, oh my
And barley malts to lend a buzz

From tun to mill to cool fermenter
The flow of golden dreams distilled
Until at last, the whiskey's center
The copper stole exhaled, buck-thrilled!

Out flowed ambrosia, batches grand
Aged under watchful master's eye
"This rye's the reddest rye in the land!"
George hollered with a hick'ry cry

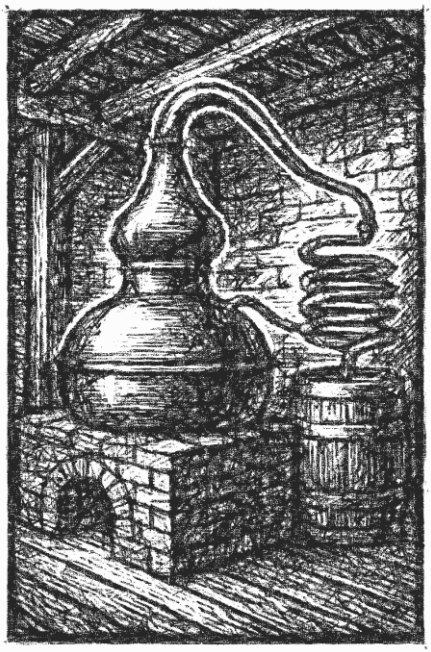
But wait, what's this? A feared foul scent?
Is demon drink distressing dear old Mount?
It's naught but the distillery's heaven-sent
Hog fuel! Porky share of the bount'

Towards the pig pens, bushels of slop

Were carted for the swilling swine
Those sated sows could never stop
George's whiskey at the trough divine

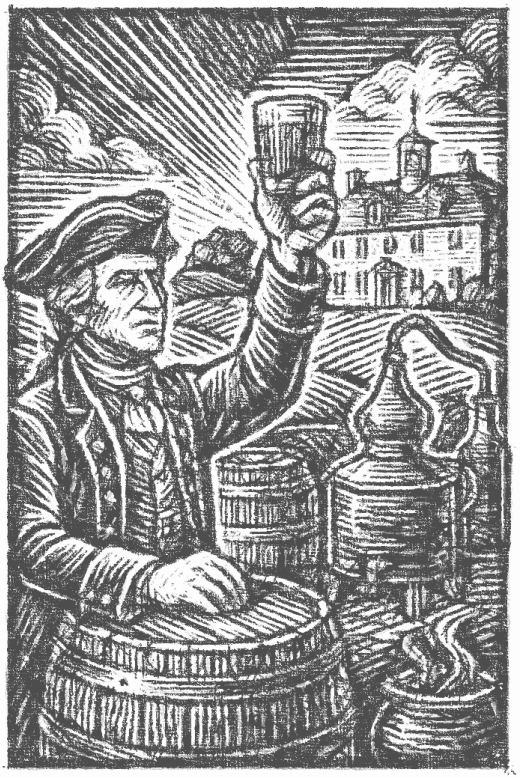
The looping flows of rye liquor
And hog feed cast a splendid scene
Where statesman still and filthy icker
Effused a legacy pur-lean!

So raise your glass to freedom's fire
That glowed within the upstart stills
Rye-revered rye, Mount Vernon's pyre
Of liberty on rolling hills!



A Toast to the Whiskey of Mount Vernon

To continue the celebration of whiskey, here's a toast poem celebrating George Washington's whiskey at Mount Vernon:



A Toast to the Whiskey of Mount Vernon

Raise your glasses, one and all!
To the whiskey of renown
Distilled at our founding father's call
On the rolling hills and fertile ground

A spirit forged of grain and glory
Rye, corn and barley malts combined
Its recipe a storied story
Of liberty's brew, rebel-designed

Sixty percent rye ryed the rye
Bold leadership in that ruddy pour
With corn's sweet oompha standing by
And barley's roasty, rousing core

From tun to still the batches flowed
'Neath master's eye and cherry glow
Then into casks the liquorowed
To season, pure Virginia show

So let us drink to the independence
That fired those stills at Mount Vernon
A smoky toast with thirst adherence
To the whiskey of George Washington!

Lotions, Potions and Pills

The poem "Lotions, Potions and Pills" explores the timeless human quest for health and wellness through various remedies. The inspiration came from a house guest, which I observed a large amount of Lotions, Potions and Pills that accompanied their visit.

It paints a vivid picture of the myriad of products, from ancient elixirs to modern-day creams, that promise to heal and rejuvenate. The poem emphasizes the hope and magic associated with these remedies, suggesting that they bring not only physical relief but also emotional comfort. Through its rhythmic verses, the poem captures the essence of our continuous search for solutions to life's ailments, highlighting the blend of science and tradition in our pursuit of well-being.

Lotions, Potions and Pills

Lotions, potions and pills,
Recipes to cure all ills.
Dreams and creams to seal the seams,
To make the wrinkles go away.
A product list of health,
In jars and tubes upon the shelf.

Elixirs for the weary soul,
Balms to make the body whole.
A touch of magic, a hint of grace,
To bring a smile to every face.
From ancient wisdom to modern day,
These remedies keep the pain at bay.

With every drop and every dose,
A promise to heal, a gentle boast.
Lotions, potions and pills,
Crafted with care, to cure all ills.
In the quest for wellness, we find our way,
Through the wonders of health, day by day.

Meeting at the Bridge

The poem "Meeting at the Bridge" beautifully captures a moment of convergence and unity between two paths, the river and the road. It begins by describing the bridge where these two paths meet, standing tall with arches that rise and shadows that play. This bridge serves as a silent witness to the day, observing the interactions and connections that occur.

As the poem progresses, it introduces two souls who unite at the bridge in the golden glow of twilight. The river's song and the road's embrace create a sacred space, a moment's pause where dreams and journeys intertwine. The river whispers tales of dreams that flow eternally, while the road replies with the promise of chasing stars and seeking new horizons.

Upon the bridge, these two souls stand as one, beneath the setting sun. Their hearts entwined and spirits free, they find a meeting place, a destiny. The poem emphasizes the harmony between the river's calm and the road's bold quest, forming a perfect rest in every step and turn. It highlights the lessons learned and the fires burned along their journeys.

Meeting at the Bridge

Where the river meets the road,
A bridge stands tall, a tale untold.
Its arches rise, its shadows play,
A silent witness to the day.

Two paths converge, two souls unite,
In the golden glow of twilight.
The river's song, the road's embrace,
A moment's pause, a sacred space.

The river whispers, "Come and see,
The dreams that flow eternally."
The road replies, "With every stride,
We chase the stars, we seek, we ride."

Upon the bridge, they stand as one,
Beneath the sky, the setting sun.
Their hearts entwined, their spirits free,
A meeting place, a destiny.

The river's calm, the road's bold quest,
Together form a perfect rest.
In every step, in every turn,
A lesson learned, a fire burned.

So let us meet where paths align,
At the bridge, a place divine.
For in the river and the road,
We find the stories yet untold.

The River and the Road

The poem "The River and the Road" beautifully captures the essence of life's journey, symbolized by the river and the road. Beneath the vast and wide sky, the river flows with gentle pride, winding and weaving through fields of green. It represents a timeless path, serene and unseen, whispering tales of old, dreams, and secrets yet untold.

Beside the river lies the road, a ribbon stretched beneath the sky. It twists and turns, climbs and bends, symbolizing the journey's start and end. The road hums a different tune, echoing footsteps marching to the moon, embodying the bold and adventurous spirit of life's journey.

The poem places us between the river and the road, with hearts that yearn and eyes that gleam. It poses the question of which path to take—the river's peace or the road's bold glow. In every step and turn, we make choices that lead us to a destined place, embracing the journey as it starts.

Ultimately, "The River and the Road" is a reflection on the choices we make and the paths we take in life. It encourages us to walk with open hearts, embracing the stories yet untold that we find in both the river and the road.

The River and the Road

Beneath the sky so vast and wide,
A river flows with gentle pride.
It winds and weaves through fields of green,
A timeless path, serene, unseen.

Beside the river, a road does lie,
A ribbon stretched beneath the sky.
It twists and turns, it climbs and bends,
A journey's start, a journey's end.

The river whispers tales of old,
Of dreams and secrets yet untold.
The road, it hums a different tune,
Of footsteps marching to the moon.

We stand between the road and stream,
With hearts that yearn, with eyes that gleam.
Which path to take, which way to go,
The river's peace or the road's bold glow?

In every step, a choice we make,
In every turn, a path we take.
The river's calm, the road's embrace,
Both lead us to a destined place.

So let us walk with open hearts,
Embrace the journey as it starts.
For in the river and the road,
We find the stories yet untold.

The Leaky Tent

The poem "The Leaky Tent" humorously captures the struggles of an American Revolutionary War soldier dealing with a persistently leaky tent. Set in the days of old when wars were bold, the soldier sets up his tent with pride and care, only to find that the rain is everywhere. The canvas flaps and the water pours, making it impossible for him to sleep comfortably.

Despite his best efforts to patch and seal it, the leaks persist through wind and rain, earning him laughs and teasing from his comrades. Through dreams of dry shelter and weary resignation, he ultimately accepts his fate with a grin and a shrug, quipping, "Guess I'll just swim." The poem is a lighthearted tribute to soldiers who face the hardships of war with resilience, humor, and camaraderie.

The Leaky Tent

In the days of old, when wars were bold,
An American soldier, brave and cold,
Set up his tent with pride and care,
But alas, the rain was everywhere!

The canvas flapped, the water poured,
He tried to sleep, but oh, he snored!
His bed was wet, his socks were too,
He muttered, "What am I to do?"

He patched and stitched, he plugged and sealed,
But still the leaks refused to yield.
He cursed the skies, he cursed the ground,
He cursed the tent that was unsound.

His comrades laughed, they teased and joked,
"Hey, soldier, need a boat?" they poked.
He grinned and bore it, took the jest,
But secretly, he longed for rest.

One night, he dreamed of sunny days,
Of tents that stood in dry arrays.
He woke to find the rain had ceased,
His leaky tent had found some peace.

But just as he began to cheer,
The clouds returned, the rain was near.
He sighed and shrugged, with weary eyes,
"Guess I'll just swim," he said, "no surprise."

So here's to soldiers, brave and true,
Who fight the rain and mud, and do
Their best to keep their spirits high,
Even when their tents aren't dry.

A Soldiers Knife

The poem "A Soldier's Knife" offers a vivid and multifaceted portrayal of an American Revolutionary War soldier and his indispensable knife. This knife is not just a weapon; it is a versatile tool that serves the soldier in both battle and daily life.

"A Soldier's Knife" offers a vivid portrayal of an American Revolutionary War soldier and his indispensable knife — a versatile tool serving him in both battle and daily life. In combat, he wields it with precision and strength, a loyal companion and warrior's pride. When the fighting ends, it transforms into a practical tool, carving meat and preparing hearty meals by the campfire for himself and his comrades. The poem celebrates the knife's duality — fierce in battle, yet kind in peace — capturing its vital role as both weapon and trusted friend.

A Soldier's Knife

In the heat of battle, midst the fray,
I wield a knife, both night and day.
Not a saber, nor a skinner's blade,
But a trusty knife, in hand displayed.

Its size is grand, its edge is keen,
A weapon fierce, a tool unseen.
With every thrust, with every slice,
It serves me well, my loyal vice.

For enemies, it strikes with might,
In shadows dark, in broad daylight.
A soldier's friend, a warrior's pride,
It stands by me, it does not hide.

But when the fight is done and gone,
And peace returns with morning's dawn,
This knife of mine, so strong and true,
Helps me prepare a meal or two.

Not just for war, but for the feast,
It carves the meat, it cuts the beast.
With every chop, with every cut,
It brings me joy, it fills my gut.

In campfire's glow, I slice and dice,
Preparing meals, so warm and nice.
From hearty stews to bread so thin,
This knife ensures we all dig in.

So here's to knives, both fierce and kind,
A soldier's tool, a friend to find.
For in its blade, both sharp and bright,
I find my strength, I find my light.

Kettle and Corn

The poem "A Kettle and Corn" beautifully captures a moment of respite and camaraderie among American Revolutionary War soldiers. Set in the heart of night, beneath the stars' bright glow, the soldiers gather around a warm campfire. Their weary eyes and bold hearts share tales both young and old, creating a sense of unity and belonging.

Over a humble kettle of dried corn, weary soldiers share tales of battles fought, comrades lost, and the price of freedom, finding strength and unity in each other's company. The crackling fire, murmured songs, and sweet scent of corn create a rare sense of peace amidst the surrounding strife. The poem is a poignant tribute to the soldiers' resilience and their ability to find warmth, belonging, and a sense of home in the simplest of moments.

Kettle and Corn

In the heart of night, beneath the stars so bright,
Soldiers gather 'round the fire's warm light.
With weary eyes and hearts so bold,
They share their tales, both young and old.

The kettle hangs above the flame,
Its contents simple, yet the same.
Dried corn within, a humble fare,
A meal to share, a bond so rare.

The crackling fire, the murmured song,
A sense of peace, where they belong.
In every laugh, in every cheer,
They find their strength, they conquer fear.

The smoke it rises, curls and sways,
As stories weave through night's dark haze.
Of battles fought, of comrades lost,
Of freedom's price, of war's great cost.

Yet in this camp, amidst the strife,
They find a moment, a taste of life.
With kettle's warmth and corn's sweet scent,
They cherish time, they feel content.

So here's to soldiers, brave and true,
Who gather 'round with hearts anew.
For in the fire's glow, they find,
A sense of home, a peace of mind.

Flags and Formations

The poem "Flags and Formations" vividly captures the essence of the battlefield during the American Revolutionary War. It paints a picture of soldiers standing resolute upon the field where battles rage, their flags waving and colors bright, serving as beacons in the darkest night. These flags are not just symbols; they are vital guides that help soldiers navigate the chaos of war.

In tight formations, the soldiers stand as one, marching with pride beneath the sky and sun. The banners they carry are strong symbols, guiding them through the ebb and flow of battle. Each stripe and hue on the flags conveys a clear message, helping soldiers distinguish friend from foe and understand the movements of the battlefield.

Flags and Formations

Upon the field where battles rage,
Where soldiers fight and history's page,
The flags they wave, the colors bright,
A beacon in the darkest night.

In formations tight, they stand as one,
Beneath the sky, beneath the sun.
With banners high, they march with pride,
A symbol strong, a trusted guide.

The flags they tell of where to go,
Of friend and foe, of ebb and flow.
In every stripe, in every hue,
A message clear, a path to view.

The drums they beat, the bugles call,
To guide the troops, to stand tall.
In lines they form, in ranks they stay,
To find their place, to lead the way.

For in the chaos, midst the fight,
The flags they shine, a guiding light.
To know where you are, to find your kin,
Look to the flags, let them draw you in.

So here's to flags, both bold and true,
A soldier's guide, a leader's cue.
For in their colors, bright and grand,
We find our place, we make our stand.

Bravery on the Line

The poem "Bravery on the Line" captures the essence of the American Revolutionary War soldier's courage and determination. It paints a vivid picture of the soldiers standing tall at dawn, ready to face the challenges of the day. These soldiers, with hearts of steel and spirits bright, march into battle with unwavering resolve.

The poem highlights the significance of the battle line, where soldiers draw their stand with blood and bravery. It emphasizes the relentless nature of their fight, as they face the roar of muskets and cannons. Despite the chaos and the possibility of defeat, these soldiers do not yield. They rise again, their wounds unsealed, ready to fight another day.

In the shadows of the season, where battles fiercely wage, the soldiers find their strength and align in their ranks. The poem pays tribute to their courage, as they fight for freedom and carve a path to glory. It acknowledges the darkest hours and the dead of night, where their bravery shines the brightest.

BRAVERY ON THE LINE

Bravery on the Line

In the dawn's first light, they stand so tall,
American soldiers, answering the call.

With hearts of steel and spirits bright,
They march to face the coming fight.

On the line of battle, they draw their stand,
With blood and bravery, they defend their land.

The muskets fire, the cannons roar,
Yet still they fight, they ask for more.

Though sometimes beaten, they do not relent
They rise again, in battle decent.

With every fall, they find their way,
To stand once more, to fight another day.

For freedom's cause, they give their all,
In every battle, they stand tall.

So here's to those who bravely fight,
In the darkest hour, in the dead of night.

For in their courage, we find our way,
To rise again, to fight another day.

Shadows of the Season

The poem "Shadows of the Season" captures the essence of the American Revolutionary War and the soldiers who fought bravely during the fighting season. It begins by setting the scene in the shadows of the season, where battles fiercely wage and soldiers march with courage. Despite the harsh winter's chill and frost gripping the land, the fighting season calls these soldiers to take a valiant stand.

As springtime blooms with promise and summer's heat prevails, the drums of war resound and echo through the valleys. The soldiers face their foes in fields of green and gold, where shadows softly play, and they confront their enemies in the light of breaking day. The poem acknowledges the autumn leaves that fall and whisper tales of old, reminding us of battles fought and won, and stories yet untold.

In the fighting season, where shadows intertwine, the soldiers find their strength and align in their ranks. With flags that wave and fly, and formations bold and true, they march into the fray with courage to pursue their cause. The poem emphasizes the soldiers' determination to fight for freedom and turn a history page, carving a path to glory.

Shadows of the Season

In the shadows of the season, where battles fiercely wage,
The soldiers march with courage, their hearts a steadfast gauge.

Though winter's chill may bite, and frost may grip the land,
The fighting season calls them to take a valiant stand.

When springtime blooms with promise, and summer's heat prevails,
The drums of war resound, and echo through the vales.

In fields of green and gold, where shadows softly play,
The soldiers face their foes, in the light of breaking day.

The autumn leaves may fall, and whisper tales of old,
Of battles fought and won, of stories yet untold.

But in the fighting season, where shadows intertwine,
The soldiers find their strength, and in their ranks align.

With flags that wave and fly, and formations bold and true,
They march into the fray, with courage to pursue.

For in the shadows of the season, where battles fiercely wage,
The soldiers fight for freedom, and turn a history's page.

So here's to those who stand, in the fighting season's light,
With hearts that brave the storm, and spirits burning bright.

For in the shadows of the season, where battles fiercely wage,
They carved a path to glory, and write a timeless sage.

A Cup of Tea

I came across this poem during my reading and the author is unknow. As the theme of this chapbook is during the Revolutionary War era, I couldn't help but think of the poem and add its timeless thoughts to this collection.

This gentle poem offers a profound meditation on finding peace amidst life's inevitable chaos. The opening lines establish the universal human condition, those moments when external circumstances feel hostile and our inner compass spins wildly. Rather than advocating for more struggle or analysis, the poem suggests what might seem like surrender but is actually a form of gentle rebellion: choosing the simple act of brewing tea over "useless tedium." This isn't escapism but a recognition that our usual responses to overwhelm often prove futile.

The poem's deeper wisdom lies in its understanding of transformation through presence. The "magic" and "solace" found in tea's fragrance and taste become doorways to the immediate moment, causing our "laden moments", those heavy with worry and burden—to dissolve into space. This transformation occurs not through dramatic intervention but through full engagement with simple, sensory experience. When we anchor ourselves in what's real and immediate, our agitated mental state naturally settles.

What makes this poem particularly wise is its revelation that the same world which felt chaotic becomes "lovely" once we find inner peace. Beauty was always present, merely obscured by our troubled state of mind. The poem suggests that our perception of reality is profoundly shaped by our inner condition, and that transformation often requires not grand gestures but sacred attention to the ordinary. In our anxiety-driven world, it offers countercultural wisdom: that slowing down isn't laziness but necessity, and that the path to peace sometimes lies in the simple ritual of making something warm and nourishing for ourselves.

A Cup of Tea

When the world is all at odds
And the mind is all at sea
Then cease the useless tedium
And brew a cup of tea.

There is magic in its fragrance,
There is solace in its taste;
And then laden moments vanish
Somehow into space.

And the world becomes a lovely thing!
There's beauty as you'll see;
All because you briefly stopped
To brew a cup of tea.

A Villanelle for Frozen Toes

The American Revolutionary War is often remembered for its grand battles and legendary leaders, but beneath the sweeping arc of history lies the everyday struggle of ordinary soldiers. “A Villanelle for Frozen Toes” shines a light on one of the most poignant hardships faced by these patriots: the bitter cold endured by those who marched with little more than rags to protect their feet. This poem is a tribute to the resilience and resourcefulness of the shoeless soldiers who, despite lacking proper boots and supplies, pressed on through snow and ice, driven by hope and the promise of freedom.

The villanelle form, with its repeating lines and rhythmic structure, echoes the relentless march and the cyclical nature of suffering and perseverance. Each stanza reveals the ingenuity of these men—stuffing socks with straw, patching together makeshift shoes, and finding warmth in camaraderie around the fire. Their laughter and stories become a shield against frostbite, and their determination transforms adversity into a source of strength.

A Villanelle for Frozen Toes

The shoeless marched through snow and bitter cold,
With rags for boots and hope to see them through,
Their toes turned blue, yet freedom made them bold.

No leather left, no silver coins to hold,
They stuffed their socks with straw and fabric, too,
The shoeless marched through snow and bitter cold.

By fires they huddled, tales of home retold,
Their laughter warmed where frostbite surely grew,
Their toes turned blue, yet freedom made them bold.

Some bound their feet with strips of cloth so old,
Their makeshift shoes a patchwork, crude but true,
The shoeless marched through snow and bitter cold.

When boots were found, the fit was uncontrolled,
Too large, too small, but still they did renew,
Their toes turned blue, yet freedom made them bold.

Oh, frozen feet, your story's worth pure gold,
For through the ice, a nation's strength we view,
The shoeless marched through snow and bitter cold,
Their toes turned blue, yet freedom made them bold.

The Dashing Cocked Hat

The poem "The Dashing Cocked Hat" humorously captures the pride and joy of an American Revolutionary War soldier who has finally acquired a hat that makes him feel truly dashing. This soldier, who had never owned a hat so grand before, finds himself transformed by the cocked hat with its bright ribbon. The hat is not just a simple cap or brim; it is a symbol of his newfound confidence and flair.

As he struts around the camp, his comrades can't help but laugh and tease him, calling him "Yankee Doodle Dandee" and noting that he is a regular macaroni. Despite their jokes, the soldier stands tall, feeling quite the elite with his hat perched proudly on his head. He tips it low and wears it high, marching with swagger and feeling himself in a trance with every step and glance.

Cocked Hat" and "Yankee Doodle" highlight the pride and self-importance that can come from wearing a distinctive piece of clothing, and both use humor to convey their messages.

While "Yankee Doodle" is more of a song than a poem, it shares the same lighthearted and humorous tone as "The Dashing Cocked Hat." If you enjoy the playful exploration of identity and pride in "The Dashing Cocked Hat," you might find "Yankee Doodle" to be an entertaining and relevant comparison

The Dashing Cocked Hat

In days of old, when wars were fought,
A soldier found what he had sought.
A cocked hat with a ribbon bright,
It made him feel a splendid sight.

He'd never had a hat so grand,
It perched with flair, it looked so grand.
Not just a cap, nor simple brim,
This hat was made for someone prim.

He strutted 'round the camp with pride,
His comrades laughed, they couldn't hide.
"Look at him, so fine and flash,
With that cocked hat, he's quite the dash!"

He'd tip it low, he'd wear it high,
He'd march with swagger, head held high.
In every step, in every glance,
He felt himself in quite a trance.

"Not just for show," he'd often say,
"This hat's for battle, come what may.
It keeps the sun out of my eyes,
And makes me look quite the surprise!"

His comrades teased, but he stood tall,
With cocked hat proud, he'd face them all.
For in that hat, he found his cheer,
A dashing soldier, year by year.

"Yankee Doodle Dandee," they'd call,
"He was a regular macaroni, after all!"
With ribbon flashing, hat so neat,
He felt himself quite the elite.

So here's to hats, both grand and small,
That make us feel ten feet tall.
For in a hat, with ribbon bright,
We find our joy, we find our light.

The Circle Dance

I was saving this poem as it is a humorous but serious memory of me and my mother. Perhaps a bit exaggerated, but a lot of truth is told.

When I was growing up, the art of disciplining children was a well-established tradition, and what modern folks politely call “corporal punishment” was, in Appalachian terms, simply known as a “whooping.” Now, don’t let the gentle sound of that word fool you—parents had a whole arsenal of whooping techniques at their disposal.

Most days, a whooping was just a quick slap on the backside, a sort of parental punctuation mark at the end of a misadventure. But if you’d really outdone yourself—say, tried to ride the neighbor’s fence or not doing as told—my mother would reach for the switch. And not just any switch! No, the rules of engagement required that you, the soon-to-be-reformed rascal, go out and select your own instrument of justice. This was a psychological masterstroke: you’d wander the yard, contemplating your crimes and the impending doom, all while trying to find a stick that was sturdy enough to pass inspection but not so sturdy as to leave a lasting impression. The straightest and perhaps the favorite was from the lilac bush in the backyard.

Of course, your selection was subject to maternal approval. If your chosen switch was too flimsy, she’d send you right back out, giving you ample time to reflect on your life choices and maybe consider a future in diplomacy. By the time you returned, you’d be ready to confess to crimes you hadn’t even committed—just to get it over with!

The Circle Dance

The sun hung low o'er dust and flame,
Where lilac branches gently grew,
And childhood bore no hint of shame,
Though tears would fall like morning dew.

She called me forth with joy and pride,
A whoop, a holler, sharp and true,
Then round we twirled, arms opened wide—
Her love in motion as we flew.

"Get me a switch," she'd often say,
And to the lilacs I would tread,
To find a branch not thick, nor fray,
But firm with care and subtle dread.

That slender wand she held with grace,
Lay resting high on Norge's top,
A sentinel of time and place—
Of lessons taught that wouldn't stop.

No belt she bore, no wrath she gave,
Her hands were strong, but never cruel,
She danced me round like wind on wave,
Her love the fire, her will the rule.

But time moved on, the dance grew still,
My legs too long for spinning lore,
And though she flailed with steadfast will,
Her arms could circle me no more.

She's gone now—gone beyond the sky,
Beyond the scent of lilac bloom,
Yet when the dusk and shadows lie,
I feel her dancing through the gloom.

For life's no idle dream, I see,
When forged with grace and mother's hand—
Her switch was not to punish me,
But plant my roots to help me stand.

And so I turn, alone I spin,
Around the echoes of her call,
A circle dance once held within,
Now etched in love that conquers all.

Prudence's Culinary Quirks or Tallow and Lard

Prudence's cooking adventures are a delightful blend of skill and quirky mishaps. In the 1700s, Prudence was renowned for her culinary prowess, with her johnnycakes and stews being the talk of the town 1. However, she had a peculiar habit of confusing beef tallow with pig lard, which led to some interesting flavors in her dishes.

When making pies, Prudence would confidently declare that her lard would create a divine pastry, only for diners to notice a distinct beefy tang in the crust. Her candles, made with the same greasy mixture, would emit a scent reminiscent of roasting beef, much to the surprise of her guests. Even her fritters and doughnuts carried a savory haze, causing children to whisper in amazement at the unexpected taste.

Despite warnings from the doctor about her robust cooking, Prudence remained steadfast in her belief that fat was just fat, regardless of its source. She fed the whole village with her unique creations, earning a place in their hearts and kitchens 1. Her culinary blunders, though amusing, were a testament to her dedication and the charm of her cooking adventures.

Tallow and Lard

Young Prudence, with apron all floury and grand,
Was the best 1700s cook in the land.
Her johnnycakes soared, and her stews were a dream,
Though one little secret lurked under the gleam
Of her copper-lined pots and her well-scrubbed pine shelf:
Poor Prudence confused her own rendered beef self
With the pig's rendered fat, a most culinary sin,
Though she'd argue quite fiercely, "What difference is in?"

When making a pie with a crust light and flaky,
She'd reach for the bucket, a bit dark and cakey.
"This lard," she'd declare, with a confident nod,
"Will make such a pastry, a gift from our God!"
Then the diners would chew, with a puzzled grimace,
"This crust has a... tang... a most beefy embrace!"

For candles she'd stir with a serious frown,
The same greasy goo, up and then slowly down.
"The light will be lovely, so steady and bright!"
But the scent in the parlor would cause quite a fright.
"Is that roasting beef?" a guest nervously sighed,
As the tallow-made wick sputtered, greasy and wide.

When frying up fritters, all golden and sweet,
She'd scoop from the pail, oh the terrible feat!
The doughnuts would sizzle, a savory haze,
And the children would whisper in utter amaze,

"These taste like the Sunday roast, only much denser!"
Poor Prudence just smiled, an oblivious dispenser.

The doctor once warned, with a shake of his head,
"Your cooking's quite... robust, ma'am, it must be said.
That 'lard' in your biscuits, it has a beefy air!"
But Prudence just sniffed, with a haughtyish stare.
"Fat is just fat, sir, whatever its source!
It makes things taste richer, of course, of course!"

So raise up a tankard to Prudence the cook,
Whose culinary blunders we'll gently rebuke.
She fed the whole village, through thick and through thin,
Though her tallow-laced treats might have caused a strange grin.
For in 1700s, before folks got wise, A fat was a fat in young Prudence's eyes!

Sometimes Memories

The poem "Sometimes Memories" offers a mature and deeply insightful look at the paradox of a long-term relationship: the space that grows between two people, and the unbreakable bond that holds them together, nonetheless. It moves beyond the idealistic portrayal of love to explore the commitment, memory, and unique intimacy that sustains a decades-long partnership.

The poem acknowledges that in marriage, a person's inner life and passions can become separate from the shared world of the partnership. The "violin" might symbolize the harmonious, expected music of joint domestic life, but the real music the partner plays is something different, perhaps discordant or simply private.

This is the poem’s emotional core, finds solace and purpose in being the exclusive keeper of their partner’s true identity, the "burning life" that isn't seen in the domestic routine. This shared secret creates a bond that transcends the day-to-day distractions.

The final stanzas pivot to memory as the essential resource that powers the enduring bond. After acknowledging the natural "high points" and "low ones," the focus shifts to preservation:

The speaker is not passive; they are an active curator of their shared history. They intentionally tuck away the best memories, the ones that brought their partner joy—to re-experience later. This is the fuel that makes the marriage worthwhile. The memories of the years, especially those moments of shared, genuine connection, validate the entire commitment. The poem concludes with a simple, yet profound, reaffirmation:

Sometimes Memories

Sometimes when you're married, you drift away within.
The music that you play isn't always a violin

The garden that you tend s not the one you roam;
The part of you that sings is not the one at home.

A strange and burning life: to know what's real and true.
Only I know the passion of what is really you.

So here we are distracted, our path set in stone
Bound by love and fate, never to be alone.

The high points are good, the low ones are bad;
The good ones make you smile, the low ones make you sad.

The memories of the years, we have quite a few;
The best ones to remember are when I am with you.

The ones that make you smile are the ones I tuck away.
I save each one for myself to think back on another day.

So after years of marriage you imagine how it would be,
We are still together and you married to me

About the Author

Rick Laws, President of the Joseph Greer Chapter of the Tennessee Society, Sons of the American Revolution (SAR), hails from the historically rich region of East Tennessee, home to legends like Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett. A retired U.S. Army Chief Warrant Officer, Rick's career spanned global support for combat engineering operations.

During his distinguished military service, Rick contributed to critical projects, including patrolling the East-West German inter-zonal border, bridge building in Belize, participating in relief efforts in Rwanda and the Democratic Republic of the Congo, and serving in combat engineering missions in Southwest Asia during Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm. He also played a key role as an assistant to the Inspector General for the Eighth Army Headquarters in Korea. Rick's achievements were recognized with numerous honors, including the Bronze Star Medal, four Meritorious Service Medals (MSM), and the prestigious De Fleury Medallion from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers.

Rick holds a Master of Science in Information Management Systems (MS-MIS) from Florida Institute of Technology and a Bachelor of Science in Business Management from the University of New York. He has also earned the SOLE Demonstrated Master Logistician (DML) designation, completed post graduate studies at the University of Alabama, Huntsville and possesses certifications from the Defense Acquisition University (DAU) in logistics and information systems.

Also by Rick Laws

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